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SAINT IGNATIUS
OF LOYOLA
COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

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The Intense Basque

● Brother Edward Patrick, F.S.C.

IGNATIUS of Loyola embodied the intense nature of the Basque, the fire and love of the patriot, and the richness of being of the supernaturalized man. Not until he was put into the arrest of a hospital bed, however, did he begin to understand the wealth of the Faith, the essential nature of his heritage. Like many other men who seek escape in reading when they are reduced to inactivity, Ignatius called for romances of chivalry to soften his ennui. He got romances of a stouter order, the lives of some holy men and women, and in a gentle toleration he allowed the book to charm him. He was never the same sort of Basque again.

As he started to meditate upon his life and to organize it, he discovered that he had to organize the world around him. Although his newly energized mind told him that the work he set for himself was formidable, he confronted the task, made a desperate act of the will, planned, prayed, and conferred. After a journey to a quiet place, Manresa, where he reflected on his state, he made his decision and outlined for himself his future life and its activity. He dreamed, of course, envisioned, and besought; he fasted and disciplined himself, and by means of God's grace he became a strong, enriched, thinking man.

As a result of his interior activities at Manresa and after a time of persevering, prolonged study, Ignatius resolved to dedicate his powers to the pursuit of the perfection that the Heavenly Father desires of each man. He did not doubt; he did not dawdle; he did not compromise with life. He clearly saw his duty, and after the manner of attack of all courageous, sincere men, Ignatius met his duty head on. When he applied his mind to study and to organize his world, he took hold of the problem with his whole nature. While he did not achieve great erudition, he did master a strong body of knowledge and made of himself a saint.

He renounced every indication of worldliness, the insatiable spirit that motivates the pursuit of money and pleasure; he spoke the vow of chastity so that he might nourish his strength of intellect and body for the winning of Jesus Christ; and he eagerly vowed his freedom in obedience to God through His representative, the Sovereign Pontiff.

Ignatius of Loyola could not abide halfway measures and means; he could not tolerate mediocrity, either in effort or desire; he never cherished the inadequate, the insipid. He was a fanatic for perfection in a man's endeavors, a revolutionary for getting exactness. He was a visionary, a disturber of complacency, a veritable bombthrower. He believed in uprooting evil and ignorance; he was a true radical.

In one of his prayers which shows the abandon of the lover and the bravery of the zealot, Ignatius calls out in this way: "Give me thy grace and love, O God; with that I shall be rich enough!" and his intensity of purpose has bannered the way for many men to give their lives for a cause, especially the cause of the glory of God. Through his genius and his sanctity, Ignatius has stirred thousands of men and women to heroism in their everyday meeting with life.

Since 1556, when he died and was taken to Beatitude, he has been at work in the world through the labors and efforts of his followers, the members of the Society of Jesus. He has put his mark on his men, and they in turn have placed that mark on other people. He has moved the world for the past four hundred years because his sons have caught some of the fire of their father, some of his love for God, some of his bravery and intensity for the spread of goodness and learning.

Through his writings and his virtues, Ignatius has touched a spark to the imagination of noble souls, moving them to dedicate themselves for an excellent work, the salvation of mankind. He has caused a ground swell of spiritual zeal that runs around the globe like a cord. He has chiseled ideas until their edges have cut sharply into the bone and tissue of the body politic and into its intellectual and spiritual life. So decidedly has Ignatius shaped the cultural life of Christendom that the shadow of his figure falls over schools and colleges, over courts and parliaments, over churches and kingdoms.

It is therefore appropriate during the year which marks the fourth centennial of the death of Saint Ignatius that FOUR QUARTERS pays tribute to the saintly Basque by having several of his distinguished sons meditate upon the legacy of their glorious father and set forth some of his achievements. Their thoughts and artistry reflect the ideas and emotions of the Editors of this magazine.

For FOUR QUARTERS, then, it is a distinction and a joyful privilege to cite a famous leader in cultural advance, one of the foremost organizers of all time and a hallowed saint of the Church, on the occasion of the fourth centenary of his entrance into heaven. He is a paragon for modern man, student or scholar, and FOUR QUARTERS is happy for the opportunity to bring to the attention of its readers the glory and perfection of the intense Basque, Saint Ignatius of Loyola.

Christian Humanism and Ignatius of Loyola

● Gustave Weigel, S.J.

FOUR hundred years ago, on July 31, 1556, Ignatius of Loyola died in Rome. His passing was not rendered solemn by pomp or circumstance. It was just as well, for in a very true sense, Ignatius didn't die at all. Loyola was very much a man, but as far as history is concerned, he is also an idea; and ideas do not die.

What was the Ignatian idea? Historians, friendly and unfriendly, have grappled with that problem for centuries, and today when we commemorate the fourth centenary of Loyola's death, there is no consensus among the scholars. Concerning the obvious facts of his life there is a great degree of unanimity, and "every school boy knows" those facts. Born in 1491, the youngest son of a family of the petty Basque nobility, he was baptized Iñigo. As a typical cadet son of such a household, he was sent away to Old Castile to prepare for a military career. In his twenties he became a captain in the Spanish army and had a chance to display his prowess in Spain's war with France over Navarre. In 1521, the young captain urged his commanders to make a last-ditch defense of Pamplona, a fortified Navarrese town. In the ensuing battle he showed himself highly gallant according to the chivalric conventions still honored in his time, but he fell wounded when a cannon ball broke his leg. The victorious French, following the prevailing knightly code, freed their stricken adversary, who then retired to his dour ancestral home, which we ambiguously call a castle.

The long days of recuperation spelled ennui for the soldier who was half Don Quixote and half Napoleon. His demand for amusement was met with nothing better than a few medieval books of religion. Since there was nothing else to do, he read them, and his attention was drawn to the spiritual side of life. With an impetuosity and romanticism quite characteristic of him, he decided to become a knight of God after the example of saints like Francis of Assisi and Dominic Guzmán.

This decision was not a "conversion," a total transformation of his life. That came as a later result, but he had now to study the religious life in order to lead it. Yet his education had been meager, limited to the cavalier training given by camp and court. There had always been a streak of genuine piety in him, but it was incidental to his central concerns, which were not pious in the least. He had to plunge into piety, but he did not really know how to go about it. He approached his task alone with little human guidance. He was strong-willed, and through trial and error under

the mysterious tutelage of grace he discovered basic principles of the religious life. The *Exercises*, as he called his own preparation for piety, brought forth a reborn man. Many of the old Ignatian traits survived, but they were disciplined and fused into a new pattern which constituted the converted Ignatius, as he now called himself, and that is the Ignatius whom history knows.

One thing we have learned vividly during the last century. You cannot isolate a man out of the context in which he lives. Time and place go into the make-up of a human being; they melt into his structure. Ignatius, therefore, must be contemplated against the background of the classical Renaissance which made him, and which he helped to remake. The keynote of this period in European history was the liberation of certain human potencies and drives which past ages could not free. Western Europe was meeting the works of Graeco-Roman culture in direct study, and the result was an enthusiasm for natural form and grandiose human creativity.

The first Christians had a strong tendency to separate themselves from Hellenic culture. There were many reasons for this trend. The first preachers of the Gospel were Jews, who felt alien to the ways of the gentiles, for whom they had little admiration. Even a cosmopolite like St. Paul can paint a picture of Graeco-Roman life (in the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans) which suggests no charm but only ghastly gloom. Secondly, the Graeco-Roman world had a moral code so loose in comparison with the tight Judaeo-Christian ethical scheme that Christians considered the Empire an abomination. With time the extreme hostility to imperial culture was dissipated, and the reforming Christians even felt sincere affection for that culture; but they held on to the doctrine of Original Sin, so that what was natural and spontaneous was necessarily suspected, with the consequence that it became restrained or repressed.

The notion of Original Sin was definitely formulated by the last great light of the Empire, St. Augustine, and he was the mold of the thought of the Middle Ages. Hence the period was highly conscious of Original Sin with the concomitant suspicion of the natural. But in the last generation of the fifteenth century, the unmediated experience of Graeco-Roman classics through a widespread knowledge of Greek gave to Europe, tired of thinly ethereal Scholastic abstractions, a new appreciation of the natural. It had glamour; it had poise; it had an ecstasy of its own.

Ignatius, who was neither pedant nor scholar, saw the classical Renaissance at work in Spain, France, and Italy. His own conversion gave him a singular vantage point from which to observe the Renaissance without becoming emotionally involved in it. His detachment was unique for his times, when men were inclined to be idolatrously in favor of the New Learning or anachronistically violent against it.

Before we consider Loyola's final stand on the question of humanism,

we must explain his detachment, for otherwise we can never understand his ultimate position. When Ignatius came out of his Exercises, he came out as a man of one truth. That truth was that God is all. This truth is the achievement of every saint, but in Ignatius the simple truth had three dimensions in the order of vision and a fourth dimension for the order of action.

The truth that God is all did not mean for Ignatius the metaphysical mysticism of Plotinus or its Christian modifications in Dionysius, Eckardt, and Tauler. For the knightly soldier it meant that God was Creator and majestic Lord, to whom all things must bow down in praise, reverence, and service. It meant more for the Christian Ignatius: for the man Jesus was that God. The distant majesty of God became in Christ a visible guiding norm. It was Jesus, divine and human, who was the way, the truth, and the life. This is why the God-drive in Ignatius always turned him to Jesus, so that he refused to call his way of divine service by any other name than that of Jesus.

Nor was the Christ on whom Loyola concentrated his attention a figure of the distant past. Christ was here, alive and active. The Catholic Church was Christ, because the living Spirit of Christ animated the Church as its soul and dynamized every Catholic so that he could live in and like Christ. The love of God meant a love of Christ, which, in turn, meant a love of the Church. The romantic knight could not help but image God: as the great Lord, as the gallant Captain, Christ, as the high Lady, the Church. What bound Ignatius to the three was the indwelling divine Spirit who proceeded from the Father, was sent by the Son, and moved the Church in her hierarchy and in every individual member. What profoundly differentiated Loyola from Luther was Loyola's recognition of the Spirit as the divine energy binding the believer to the visible *Ecclesia*, while Luther conceived the Spirit as the divisive force which threw the believer into inevitable conflict with the hierarchic Church. The proposition that God is all meant for Ignatius the hidden God, the divinely human Jesus, and our visible mother, the Church.

The transcendent supremacy of God the Creator also had a pragmatic dimension for Loyola. If God was the Creator, then all things else were creatures. If they were creatures, they were here to serve God and had the function of helping man to serve God. There was, in consequence, no Manicheism in Ignatius. There were no creatures bad by their nature or purpose; if some were to be called bad, it was because of their abuse, never because of relevant use. As a result, there was an openness in the mind of Loyola toward all the things of the universe and of history. Creatures, all of them, were means whereby the Creator maintained and evolved His creation, and means whereby men served God. The use of creatures meant that man availed himself of their beauty and power in accord with their own God-directed teleology. The abuse of creatures was

their employment for ends alien to God. Since creatures were ephemeral and relative, no absolute or abiding value could be found in them. God's service was the abiding mission of man, and any available creature whatsoever could help him. There was no need that it be one creature rather than another. Self-dedication to God was man's only absolute; the concrete means, as long as they conformed to Christian morality, were indifferent, neither to be sought for themselves nor yet to be rejected *a priori*. The only norm was to choose those creaturely realities that gave God more glory and greater service.

Ignatius did not deny the existence of Original Sin. He was well aware of it, and his asceticism, to be rendered effective by grace alone, was conceived as an antidote against it. However, he could consider nothing real without a radical potential for divine service. The God-minded man, ascetically trained, could use the world's realities for the greater glory of God, for, after all, that was what they were made for. Hence Ignatius simply could not be anti-humanistic. Man and nature were divine manifestations and God's instruments, which we must reverence and employ. Human values were proper objects of human pursuit, provided they were pursued according to their God-pointing ontology.

With such ideas Loyola left his period of religious training. They were not abstract ideas but a single burning vision of the universe whereby the world was always meaningfully illuminated for the God-hungry follower of Christ and His Church. This was the man who saw the humanistic Renaissance as the matrix of the life and thought of the leaders of the world he lived in. Unlike many a Christian of his time who hated the thing as ungodly, Ignatius watched it calmly without analyzing it profoundly. It was another creature, and therefore it could not by essence be ungodly. It could be used for the divine glory, for that is why God had produced it. It had reached an ambiguous point and had to move farther. Its ontologically implicit movement toward God had to be made historically explicit, and Ignatius was determined to bring about this explicitation.

This is the basic attitude of the Christian humanism for which Jesuit education was created. Loyola's serene indifference to means did not make him pounce on humanistic pedagogy as the basic activity of the company of followers he had formed. They were to serve God according to the needs of the Church, as the nudgings of time and history revealed them. The Ignatian Company was not a "one-way" service of God. There were many ways in which service could be rendered, all of them good. The monks laudably and fruitfully stayed in their monasteries to sing the divine praises. However, this meant that they could not leave the cloister. Their good way of life eliminated for them other good ways of life. Ignatius did not wish to be restricted to one good way. Any good way must be accepted provided it give greater glory to God. Hence there was no one mode of activity which was to be the perpetual and exclusive concern of his men.

In the here-and-now, the way which was most conducive to the greater glory of God and the good of the Church was to be the Jesuit way. This meant that the way was always changing concretely, but that was no defect, for man's service to God was in time, and that was always changing too.

Loyola's teaching experience was limited to teaching catechism in bad Italian to the urchins on the Roman streets. He had no philosophy of education nor any program of school-reform. Almost by accident he found that people wanted his men, formed in the spirit of the Renaissance, to give Renaissance training. He readily fell in with this desire because he saw that his men were competent Ciceronian latinists and sympathetically conversant with the New Learning. Loyola decided to make use of Cicero, a good thing, in order to get beyond Cicero to a better thing, Christ. Hence in addition to a thorough formation in classical lore, the Fathers were to preach efficiently the solid doctrine of the Church and to cultivate intensely the sacramental life of the students. The result would be that the graduates would possess an effective consciousness of their humanity in Christ, which was a step higher than the human values admirably, but limitedly, depicted by Graeco-Roman writers. Loyola was using Cicero, a created means, to give greater glory to God, to Christ, to the Church.

The Jesuit educational enterprise was not planned *a priori* nor motivated by any other desire than the Jesuit principle of the greater glory of God. With time and in the light of collective experience, curricula, pedagogic devices, and a mode of discipline became characteristic of the Jesuit schools. Ignatius never saw the system at the highest moment of its efficiency. If he had, he would not have considered it a sacred cow. As long as it was useful for the more pressing needs of the Church, he would have stubbornly retained it against all opponents; but the day its usefulness as a better means disappeared, he would have junked it without a tear. He was only interested in using concrete means which better achieved God's ends in the historical here-and-now rather than in some unhistorical abstract order of Platonic reverie.

The meditation wishes to explain one form of Christian humanism, the Ignatian form. Loyola was a humanist, but the humanity he accepted was a humanity which must be divinized by the living Christ which is the Church. He had no hostility for humanity and could see that the ancients discovered noble phases in it. But he could not absolutize human nature because it was something which must be transcended according to the structure of Christ, the God-made-man. This is an interesting concept, and it has had an interesting history.

The Fool for Christ

● Joseph L. Hanley

NIGHT was coming. Ignatius, hidden by the lengthening shadows of a grove of chestnut trees, stood in silence and peered intently at the Cathedral of Aranzazu. A short time later he saw a thin stream of people straggle slowly from the church. Good, he thought, *the evening service is over. I will wait here a few minutes more.* When he was certain that all the worshippers had gone, he left the grove and hurried across the square to the cathedral. As he entered, Ignatius inhaled deeply of the sweet, heady perfume of incense. The church was warm and dark except for the red vigil light at the high altar and the flickering rows of small candles in front of each side altar. Ignatius stood in the rear of the church until his eyes became accustomed to the darkness; then he quickly walked up one of the side aisles and knelt before the altar of the Blessed Virgin. "Dear Lady of God," he prayed, "you know well that I love the pleasures of this world, but now I am here. It has been a long journey, My Lady, beginning so many years ago. My sainted Aunt Maria had told me many times how wonderful it would be if I were to become a soldier of Christ; I thought only fools were for Christ. The day I returned home from Arevalo I was so happy. I knew then I would be-

come a soldier. That was so long ago. . . ."

* * * * *

"Does my father wish to see me also, Pedro?"

"No, my lord Ignatius. Only the Doña Guevara."

"Tell my brother I will join him shortly," Doña Maria de Guevara had said.

"Yes, my lady."

As the servant left the room, Doña Maria had set the cup of wine she had been sipping on the table and had wearily raised herself from her chair. "Will you wait for me here, Ignatius? I will return to bid you farewell after I have finished speaking with your father."

"Yes, Aunt," he had replied, picking up another date from his dish and popping it into his mouth.

After his aunt had withdrawn, Ignatius sat alone. "I know they will speak of me," he said. "My aunt will want my father to send me to a monastery to be a priest; I do not wish to be a priest! I wish to be a soldier! I will tell him!" Jumping to his feet, he rushed from the dining hall and ran to his father's chamber. Losing his courage, he hesitated at the door and pressed his ear against it. He could hear his father's voice. "When his mother died, I sent Ignatius to live with you, Maria. She had always wanted

him to be a priest—although I did not—and I thought, perhaps, if he lived with you for a few years, he might decide for himself. I told myself if Ignatius chose to be a priest, I would not interfere. But, from your letters, I can see he has no desire to be a member of the clergy. I will not attempt to hide the fact that his choice makes me very happy."

"I know, Beltrán. You have always wanted him to be a soldier. Since he came to live with me two years ago, I have attempted to prepare him for the priesthood as Marina had wished; but I now can see he is not interested in celestial soldiery, but in earthly," Doña Maria answered, a little bitterly.

Hearing this, Ignatius smiled.

"Ignatius has made his choice," said Don Beltrán Loyola. "Besides," he continued, "Pero wishes to be a priest; he will be the Loyola priest."

"I must be going, Beltrán," she said; "I have the long journey back to Arevalo before me."

"It will be dark before you start. These roads are infested with highwaymen, and it is not safe to travel at night, even in a group. You know you and your servants are welcome to remain here at Loyola and rest before attempting the return to Castile."

"I have no fear of night travel; God's will be done. I think it best we start immediately. I must say good-bye to Ignatius before I leave. Give my love to the other children. Good-bye, Beltrán."

Ignatius had turned from the door and had run back to the dining hall

to await his aunt's return. "I am going to be a soldier, a great soldier," he said proudly.

* * * * *

" . . . so long ago," he said. "God has told me I am to be your knight, My Lady. Show me my duty. I vow death to all who may dishonor your virtue or your name! To you I pledge my sword and my life!" Rising, he removed his sword and laid it upon the altar; again he knelt.

Standing for a while and then kneeling, but never sitting, he passed the whole night in vigil before the altar of his Lady.

Shaken from his reverie by the appearance of a priest on the high altar, Ignatius arose and approached him. "Father, when is the first Mass?"

"Very shortly, my son," the priest answered.

"Would you," he hesitated, "would you hear my confession? It has been some time since I have made a good one."

"Give thanks to God that He has given you an opportunity to make a good confession. After we have finished, would you serve Mass for me? Today is a feast of Our Lady—the Annunciation."

"I would be very pleased to assist you, Father."

"Do you have a devotion to Our Lady?"

"I am her knight!"

"Hmm, her knight? Good, good." The priest smiled and entered the confessional.

After Mass, Ignatius extinguished the candles on the high altar and

followed the priest from the church. It was the beginning of another day. To Ignatius, everything seemed new; never before had he noticed just how bright the sun was; how fresh the air and how beautiful the flowers were. "What a beautiful day it is," he said, half aloud.

"Yes, but I believe we may have rain later in the day," the priest answered.

"Rain? It is beautiful also. Everything will be even more wonderful after the rain. God is a master of art, is He not, Father?"

"Yes, my son. Everything made by the Hand of God is beauty in itself. It is only when it is corrupted by human desires that we find ugliness."

"Yes, yes. You are right, Father. But not all human cravings are base," Ignatius said, trailing off into his thoughts.

They walked in silence for a short distance. Then the priest said, "Where are you journeying to, my son?"

"Toward Onate, Father. I wish to find a place alone and live in the manner of the fathers of the desert."

"Have you chosen a particular place?"

"No, Father."

"Perhaps I may be of help to you. Would you stay and have a little something to eat?"

"Thank you, I am a little hungry."

The two men entered the small house which served as the home for the priests of the Aranzazu Cathedral. "Please have a seat," the priest said; "I will bring you some food. Perhaps you might wish to

read a little." He handed Ignatius a book. "Have you ever read this? It is called *Flos Sanctorum*; it is a translation of a work by a Carthusian monk in Saxony. His account of the life of Saint Francis is very beautiful."

"Yes, I have read it; it is very beautiful," Ignatius said softly, "very beautiful. Saint Francis . . ."

* * * * *

"Saint Francis, bah! A fool!" Ignatius had shouted, hurling the book he had been reading across the room. "Martin! Martin!" he had bellowed. A few minutes later Ignatius' brother Martin Garcia de Loyola had entered the room. "Yes, Ignatius," he had asked, "did you call?"

"Yes! Do you not have any other books except these tales of idiots—this, this *Flos Sanctorum*? Do we not have a copy of some decent reading—*Amadis of Gaul*, perhaps?"

"I am sorry, Ignatius," his brother had answered, "the two books I brought you were the only ones I could find in the castle. You will either have to read them or not read at all." He picked up the book Ignatius had thrown to the floor and placed it on the table near the bed.

"I will not read at all!"

"Then shall I remove these books?" Martin asked, lifting them from the table.

"No, no. Leave them, leave them."

"Yes, Ignatius," he said with a smile, setting them down again. "Do you wish anything else?"

"Thank you, no, Martin."

As his brother closed the door,

Ignatius settled back in his bed. For a few minutes he remained motionless; then carefully, so as not to move his shattered leg, he reached for the books on the table. Opening the copy of *Flos Sanctorum*, he began to read again. Pausing from time to time, he became engrossed in what he had just read. "These deeds these men performed are no harder than some I have done myself," he had said, "and the Church has thought them worthy enough to be saints. If that is all there is to become a saint, why cannot I become one?" Again he had read and again he had paused. "But Saint Francis did these actions only for the love of God. Could I do as he?" He had hesitated for a moment. "Why not! Have I not led troops into battle? Did not my words make stout the hearts that had been ready to weaken? Have I not suffered great pain without once crying out?" he had asked himself, knowing he had accomplished these feats; "these enterprises of these saints could not be any more difficult. I am the equal of any Saint Francis!"

* * * * *

"... Saint Francis, such a beautiful fool he was—a fool of Our Lord," Ignatius murmured.

"Were you speaking to me, my son?" the priest asked as he reentered the room and set a tray down on the table.

"No—no, Father. I was just thinking aloud."

"Oh. Here is some wine, and a little cheese and bread; I am sorry I cannot offer you better fare."

"This is fine. Thank you, Father."

"While I was preparing the food, I was thinking of a place where you may wish to go."

"Where is that, Father?" Ignatius asked, picking up some cheese and bread.

"It is called Manresa. There are caves in the hills near there where many pilgrims go to pray and be alone."

"Is it far from here? What roads must I travel?"

"Do you have a mule?"

"Yes, Father."

"Then it is less than a day's journey. Follow the royal highway to the Cardoner river valley, then the Barcelona road until you reach the old bridge. Then take the upper road; it will lead you to the caves."

"Thank you for your help, Father. I must leave before the sun becomes too warm."

"Please take some of the bread and cheese with you," the priest said, following Ignatius out into the courtyard; "there are no inns between here and Manresa."

"Thank you again, Father." Then Ignatius knelt. "Would you give me your blessing?"

The priest blessed Ignatius. "God travel with you, my son."

Mounting his mule, Ignatius turned in the saddle. "Goodbye, Father. I shall remember you in my prayers"; then he rode slowly out of the courtyard.

Ignatius had been riding for several hours. As he rode, he recited the hours of Our Lady from a book which he had brought with him from Loyola Castle.

Although the sun was now shin-

ing brilliantly, a few dark clouds, heavy with rain, huddled at the foot of the mountains across the river. The priest was right; it will rain later today, Ignatius mused, his mind idling for a moment.

"Good morrow, young gentleman."

Turning and looking in the direction of the voice, Ignatius saw a Moor astride a mule riding up behind him.

"In what direction are you traveling?" the Moor asked, moving alongside.

"Toward Manresa," Ignatius replied.

"Manresa? Are you then a wounded soldier journeying to the Hospital of Saint Lucy for treatment; for I could not help but notice your leg?"

"No, not to the hospital, to one of the caves on the plateau overlooking the town."

"To one of the caves?" the Moor said in bewilderment. "May I ask why you are going there?"

"To pray and be alone," Ignatius answered simply.

"To pray and be alone? A young hidalgo like yourself?"

"Yes, I am a hidalgo, a hidalgo of Our Lady!"

"So you are a knight of Our Lady. Then you must have read and studied much concerning her. Perhaps you will be able to answer a question for me. I am convinced that Our Lord Jesus was conceived in a divine manner, but I cannot believe that Mary remained a virgin thereafter."

"Are you a Christian?" Ignatius asked.

"I have been baptized," the Moor replied. "But is it not the duty of a good Christian to seek always after truth?"

"That is so, but it has been traditional that Our Lady was never but a virgin. Why then do you set yourself against the fathers of the Church?"

The Moor smiled.

As they continued riding, drawing nearer and nearer to Manresa, the Moor presented arguments disputing the continuousness of the chastity of Ignatius' Lady again and again. Each time Ignatius answered him, patiently at first, but finally he was angered at the Moor's persistent refusal to be moved. Calming himself, Ignatius once again attempted to dissuade the Moor, but to no avail.

"You are a fool, hidalgo. You and your ever-virgin Lady," the Moor cried heatedly and, setting spurs to his mount, rode off.

Ignatius gazed after him, but soon the Moor turned his mule onto the lower road leading to the river and was hidden from view. "I have failed in my duty to you, My Lady. No knight true to his vows would have tolerated words so dishonorable to be spoken of his Lady. Is there not still time to avenge you? I shall pursue the blasphemer! A few well-aimed thrusts with my dagger will punish his rashness! But I wish to do nothing to offend you, dear Lady. I will let God decide," he said inwardly, dropping the reins onto the neck of the mule. "If the animal

takes the lower road, the Moor dies!" Just then, the sun broke through the
 The wise mule moved slowly up blackened clouds and covered Ig-
 the higher road toward the caves. natius with its radiance.

Tree and Vine

● Brother D. Adelbert, F.S.C.

Dour are the seeds of evil. Now night's gone
 Eve's way, Eve's deed is double-done, and day
 Is endless dark, is dawnless grey. Now won
 Is withered fruit—wan now. There, bloom away,
 Prime blossom done, yon nude tree's stain will strain
 To leaf its sticks, its shame, before the sky,
 The fallow fields, trenched with the tear-drip rain.
 Rivelled its fruit and wry—felled down to die.

But Christ has died, forever dyed this deed!
 On bitter rood-wood vined, His sweeter fruit
 Has blossomed and ripened from a blither root
 Than Eden burl'd or Eve's envenomed seed.
 See now His vintage tread, His feast begun;
 Taste now His wine, which earth's best failure won!

A Precious Heritage

• Celestin J. Steiner, S.J.

TO most people, the year 1556 is just a date, a year now faded into the mosaic of history. But it was an important time, nevertheless.

What was America in 1556? It was a prairie, tawny and rolling, jigsawed by twisting rivers and tangled forests, prowled by wild animals, roamed by painted savages. It was a land where death stalked, where life hid, and where hope for better things was only a pioneer's dream. The America of 1556 is scarcely a memory today, interesting to us only as the quaint and picturesque past from which our forefathers carved a nation.

What was Europe in 1556? It was a land with the breath of death upon it, a social unity called Christendom, which seemed about to disintegrate. The body politic was badly enfevered by warring factions, and the Church was sick from centuries of fighting infection, infection from without and from within.

Europe of the sixteenth century was rescued from its foreign enemies and from itself, but salvation was not due to the power of kings and to military men, nor to the wealth and might of worldly leaders. Europe was saved by a host of saintly men and women who dedicated their lives in deathless loyalty to God and their fellow men.

One of the men who helped to save Europe was Ignatius of Loyola. Ignatius is chosen for a number of reasons. This year of 1956 is the four hundredth anniversary of his death; that is the timely reason, the fourth centenary of his death. But there are other reasons also, for Ignatius and his companions were singularly successful in bringing new life to a dying Europe. Our world today has much to learn from the philosophy of the life of Ignatius and from the man himself.

Who was Ignatius?

Ignatius of Loyola was born in 1491 at the family castle of Loyola, Spain. As a young boy, he was a page at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella. While he was still a youth, he decided to follow a military career and was a soldier in his twenties.

In 1521 he was wounded during the attack of the French at Pamplona, capital of Navarre, and this event was the turning point of his life. During convalescence, he read the Life of Christ and a popular *Lives of the Saints*, and this experience led to an intense interior struggle culminating in a loathing for his past life. His conversion from worldliness was complete; but the planning of his life occupied another twenty years.

In March of 1522, after a night spent in prayer at Montserrat, he suspended his sword at the altar of Our Lady, as was the fashion of the

knights of his time, and vowed his life to God. During the following eleven months Ignatius frequently retired to the cave of Manresa, where he made notes of his inner experiences, which grew into the book known as *The Spiritual Exercises*, the handbook for retreatments and their directors that has been used throughout the world for the past four hundred years.

Ignatius journeyed to the Holy Land to attempt to discover what was God's will in his regard. In 1524 he returned to Europe, where he began studying the Latin language at Barcelona, and finally completed his philosophy and theology studies at the University of Paris in 1535.

At Montmartre, Paris, on August 15, 1534, Ignatius and a group of six followers pronounced their vows of poverty and chastity, adding the promise of going to Palestine or of placing themselves at the disposal of the Pope.

Ordained in Venice, June 24, 1537, Ignatius and his companions set out for Rome to offer their services to the Holy Father, and on September 27, 1540, Pope Paul III approved the preliminary draft of their Constitutions, which brought into existence the order that is known today as the Society of Jesus or Jesuits. Ignatius was elected the first General of the Society and governed the company until his death on July 31, 1556.

What new force did Ignatius of Loyola bring to bear on a Europe that was in conflict with the outside world and with itself, a Europe that was losing its allegiance to God and prostrating itself before the new gods of humanism and the super-colossus, the State?

Saint Ignatius had no mystic formula. His system cannot be reduced to a single slogan or a single technique. To win the world to Christ and to restore Europe to spiritual health was a work so great that the horizons could only occasionally be glimpsed but more frequently had to be guessed. Ignatius made use of many activities: education, missionary endeavors, retreats, literary efforts, and parish work—all in varying degrees to achieve the same goal, the development of the supernatural man who thinks, judges, and acts consistently and constantly in accordance with right reason illumined by the supernatural light of the example of Christ. Ignatius desired the true and finished man of character.

For this work, leaders of men were needed, leaders of hard-cored virtue. Men of temperance who in a world of flesh and silk would strive to hold firm the rein of passion. Men of courage who in a world of diplomats and collaborators would not be afraid to speak for truth and act according to their convictions. Men of justice who in a world of unjust judges and expediency would be exact in fulfilling the measure of the law, whether it obliged paying a bill for a material thing or giving a student the unstinted truths of philosophy or theology or acknowledging the value of the arguments of an adversary. Men of prudence who in a world where principles were ignored or where they were too stringently pressed would in a concrete situation hold the delicate middle ground, the ground of true realism, of

common sense. All of these virtues, leavened and informed by faith, hope, and charity, were to be characteristic of the Ignatian-trained leaders, who were to mold the characters of men.

Ignatius was successful in the Europe of 1556, but how relevant is Ignatius of Loyola and the Ignatian way to men of our times? We are indebted to Ignatius for his work in saving and maintaining the culture of Europe, a culture that has contributed much to our young nation from its beginning to the present time. It is also true that the spirit of Ignatius of Loyola and the Ignatian way are an active, vital force in our 1956 through the works that he established in his lifetime. Chief among these works are schools, missions, and retreats. Throughout the world, the followers of Ignatius, the Society of Jesus, direct over five thousand educational institutions and supervise one hundred and seventy-four retreat houses. It is a curious fact that one-sixth of the members of the Society, five thousand, six hundred men, are working in the mission fields.

How are we to explain the enduring vitality of a man like Saint Ignatius and a philosophy of life almost four hundred years old? Only an idealist can be a saint. Ignatius was an idealist, but an idealist without any illusions about himself and his fellow men. His faith in God was warm, vivid, sure, and confident; but he understood that man must do more than look to God for help: he must help himself. Hence Ignatius' frequent reminders and admonitions to his associates and followers that they use their natural talents and energies and common sense as though everything depended upon their efforts and at the same time to pray as though everything depended upon God.

The motto which Ignatius chose for himself and for the Society of Jesus is the well-known *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*, All for the greater glory of God. To live one's life according to this motto calls for selfless love of God and fellow men, love that lives on what it gives and not on what it gets, love that grows strong and mighty by throwing itself away. Ignatius was greatly aware of the dignity of the individual person, but he had no illusions about human limitations. Man would need natural and supernatural motives and sanctions, and above all supernatural light and strength, to be capable of selfless love of God and man.

In the Ignatian view, life is dynamic, and development and progress a part of God's plan; but he realized, too, that man's nature is essentially changeless. In every century and under all circumstances, only that is truly good for man that is suitable to his nature; and order, so necessary to peace, must include a moral code based upon man's unchanging nature and not subject to his repeal, his suspension, or his amendment.

Facts are facts in the Ignatian view of life, whether these be discovered in a laboratory of natural science or revealed by God, and man must be free in his search for truth. This freedom, however, is in no way in conflict with respect for authority. As a matter of fact, the acceptance and

recognition of right authority, whether in knowledge or action, requires a free human act. Only a free man can accept authority, whether it be the authority of a competent scientist, or of the Church, or of legitimate government. Contrary to what is sometimes charged, it is no part of the Ignatian ideal to produce the drilled response or the unthinking obedience of the automaton.

There is a parallel between the sixteenth-century Ignatius and the men of our day. Ignatius left the wealth and splendor of the court of a king to take up a military career. He would solve, he thought, his own problems and those of his nation by military prowess. Forced to retire from the battlefield by a serious injury, he used his leisure time to read and think and pray. Slowly, but certainly and firmly, the conviction came that his personal problems and those of his country were not what he had thought them to be. They were moral and religious problems, and hence they called for solutions that were based upon morality and religion.

Many of us have experienced eras of prosperity and have lived through two world wars. We know now that neither war nor an abundance of material things leads to the tranquillity of order that is peace.

Without sure and strong moral and religious beliefs, man is a displaced person, even in his native land, a bewildered, frustrated, and sometimes embittered wanderer. How fragile a thing is the City of Man!

We are convinced now as was Ignatius and other spiritual leaders of his age and of every age that only a world with God as its center and with men conscious of their dignity as human persons and as children of God can enjoy enduring peace. That is the precious heritage that has been passed on by Ignatius of Loyola and his followers for the last four hundred years.





Dissonance

• Joseph H. Hennessy

JAMES B. BUCHANAN paused under the marquee which stood out over the New Orleans Municipal Hall, lit a cigarette, and gazed carefully up and down the sidewalk looking for other members of the New Orleans Symphonic Orchestra. Then seeing no one, he shifted his trombone case from one hand to the other, pushed open the huge front door, and went in.

Once inside, he paused again, listening to the discordant sounds of musicians warming up. Buchanan prided himself on being able to pick out all eighty members of the orchestra by the characteristics of their playing, something he had learned to do when he began studying trombone sixteen years before.

"Pardon me, Mista Buchanan, but I gotta sweep up this heah flo' if they's gonna be a concert tonight," Grandpa Pete said. Grandpa was the janitor of the hall, and it was no secret that he felt his part as sweeper was every bit as important as that of the maestro himself.

Buchanan smiled and nodded. "Good morning." He shifted the case again and started down the aisle towards the stage.

Looking at the tall, handsome light-skinned Negro, a visitor would have surmised from his instrument that he was one of those jazz musicians who hang out in halls in

Storeyville all night playing to a wild audience, and who spend all day drinking and sleeping. None would ever have suspected that he was one of the most sought-after concert trombonists in the United States. And they would have been more amazed if told he had played at the Metropolitan Opera House.

"Ah, Mr. Buchanan, we have decided to spotlight you in DuVal's 'Thoughts of Home,'" said Williamson, long-time conductor of the New Orleans Symphony. "Do you think you can sight-read it?"

He knows I can, Buchanan thought. *It's just his way of letting me know a Negro can't be relied on to do anything right the first time.*

"Yes, I believe I can. I played it twice before, once at La Scala and once at the Met."

That, Buchanan mused, should stop him for a while.

The look on the maestro's face changed from a smug smile to a dark frown. Laughter floated out of the percussion section.

Buchanan turned his back to the podium and began to build his horn. It was a ritual with him. First, he tested the slide in a series of lightning motions; then satisfied with its action, he placed it in the bell, screwed the two together, and finally, almost with reverence, set the mouthpiece into its place.

Having finished, Buchanan turned

back towards the center of the stage and at last broke the silence. "May I see the part, maestro, please?"

"Of course," Williamson replied. "Since you have played it before, do you have any particular way you would like it conducted?"

"Slow during the waltz; quicken it slightly after I finish the first cadenza, and push hard during the finale. The rest of it I leave entirely to you."

Both men spoke slowly, decisively, each realizing the other was simply obeying a courtesy that could not be ignored.

"Fine," said the maestro. Then to the entire orchestra, "Please get up 'Brahms' Lullaby'; there are a few spots which must be worked over before tonight's concert."

Buchanan climbed up into the trombone section, sat down in the solo chair, took out the music, and waited, while the maestro explained what he wanted from the violins.

Many more episodes like today, he thought, and I'll quit and go back to New York. Let him find another trombonist to replace me if he can. God, I hate this city with its Men (White Only) signs and its damned lazy Southern gentlemen.

"Now from the trombones at C"—Buchanan sat up with a start at the sound of the maestro's voice—"I'd like a gradual diminuendo until the twenty-eighth bar, then a complete cut until the fiftieth bar, then come in softly and build up to *ff*."

Buchanan studied his part carelessly for a moment, and then got angry. "That bastard; he's played down the trombone interlude," he

said to himself.

"Something the matter, Mr. Buchanan?" asked Williamson, knowing full well he had struck home.

"No, nothing." Then to himself, "He knows I can't complain even if he does spoil the melodic thought."

The rehearsal moved along well until it was time to practice his solo in the DuVal work. At that point he opened on the instrument in a brilliant way, displaying all the talents which had made him the trombonist he was. But after the first cadenza, the maestro deliberately slowed down the tempo until what was originally bright and sparkling became dead and glazed. Finally, the rehearsal was over.

"Thank you, Mr. Buchanan."

He nodded.

"That will be all for today. Report tonight at 7:30 sharp."

Another dig, thought Buchanan. I ought to tell him to go to hell, but what's the use? He'll just smile and make some remark about considering the source.

Swallowing his pride, Buchanan broke down his horn, placed it carefully in its case, and started for the street. *It wouldn't be too bad if I wasn't the only Negro, he thought. Maybe I should quit; I'm not happy here. . . .*

"Hey, Jim, wait," someone said loudly.

Buchanan turned. The florid face of Tiny Quick, the flute player, appeared. Tiny was nothing that his name implied. Almost three hundred pounds, he always looked completely exhausted and on the verge

of collapse, but his sense of humor and quick adaptability made him a man easy to like.

"Let's get a beer," said Tiny.

"We're not in New York now, Tiny," Buchanan reminded him. "You can go in; I can't."

"We can go to a colored bar."

"Forget it, Tiny. I feel like walking anyhow."

"You sure, Jim? I mean you don't want to blow off some steam, do you? Old Fancy Pants Williamson gave you a working over today."

"I don't let him bother me none. He's not worth it."

"Yeah, Jim, forget it. Three months, and then our contract is up, and we can go back to New York. They know how to treat a musician up there."

"Yeah," Buchanan said. "See ya later."

Tiny went off to the left, and Buchanan, because he needed to think and wanted to be alone to do it, went in the other direction.

What's the difference, Buchanan thought. New Orleans, New York, any place—they all treat me with some respect, but they won't treat me as an equal, even though I play as well as any of them.

He tried to distract his thoughts. Long ago, he had learned he couldn't play his best if he felt depressed. Just one slip at the wrong time, one bad phrase, and he'd lose his position, and with it would go all the respect he had built. Equality he felt he could live without, but respect he needed and would do anything to keep.

"Why do I want to stop thinking

when I came out just to find time to think?" he asked himself. "Everybody has to take time to figure out where he's going and what he's accomplishing. I can't avoid it; so I might as well do it now."

He went across the street to a small park. It was quiet. Like an old man, he dropped onto a bench and began to review the events that had occurred since his arrival in New Orleans. He would give up the effort to play in the symphonic orchestra. He could see now that it would not be worth it; he couldn't fight against fate, environment, prejudice, and all those other forces.

"Hey, you! Dammit, nigger, I'm talking to you! You black boys are all the same, stupid and sneaky."

Buchanan looked up. Anger blinded him; his eyes were on fire. Every one of his muscles ached to be released, to pound this persecutor to a senseless, red pulp. The man continued screaming, yelling about Negroes and threatening Buchanan, insulting him in an insane way. Then Buchanan saw who he was. "God, a cop!" he said to himself.

"You know damn right well you're not allowed in here. For less than two cents I'd lock you the hell up. You think you can do as you damn well please. I'll show you, you black . . . What're you doing here anyhow?"

For a brief moment Buchanan was tempted to yell back at the policeman and give him insult for insult. But he checked himself. Instead, he answered quietly, "I'm sorry, sir; I'm new here, and I didn't realize that I shouldn't be in this park."

"New here, huh? Well, we don't need any more nigger troublemakers than we already have; so why don't you go back where you come from?"

"I'm sorry; I really am. I'll leave at once. I just didn't realize."

Satisfied that he had bullied his victim long enough, the policeman escorted Buchanan to the edge of the park, gave him more advice about going back where he had come from, and left.

It seemed to Buchanan that the advice of the policeman fitted in with his mood. Why not return to New York? Why not get out of this hell? Something told him that if the police could give him such a rotten time just for sitting in a park, what could he expect if he were caught doing something illegal and wrong? He shuddered at the thought.

He walked along the street aimlessly, and came to a dingy section of the city in a state of absolute disrepair. Gray, unpainted houses and small bars lined both sides of the street. Any individuality they may once have had was hidden under dirt accumulated over the years! Some of the windows were covered with newspaper or cardboard; a few were ornamented by a French grille, standing in tribute to a departed respectability and a long-forgotten owner who had been proud of his home.

Kids screamed and played with tin cans, their white teeth contrasting with the black of their skin. Women called from one window to another, and occasionally to one of the poorly dressed kids in the street.

"Eli, stop that pulling Liza's hair; ya hear me?"

"Ma, she hit me with a stick."

"Liza, come up heah right now."

"He started it."

Buchanan felt his stomach turn. The dirt and squalor and poverty and degradation disgusted him. Why do they live like this? Why don't they paint their houses? How can they expect respect if they don't respect themselves? He felt his misery more than ever before. His people were against all his hopes. They were resigned to their lot.

He wanted to get away from the place. He wanted to get a drink. He needed a lift, and he turned into the first bar he met. The sign in the window said THE GOLDEN KITTEN (Biggest Beer in Storeyville).

Inside, the place was cool and clean, the way a bar usually is in the afternoon before the air is filled with smoke and sweaty odors and bad air. "What's yours?" the bartender said.

"Beer. Is it really the biggest?"

"Man, if ya kin find one bigger, tell me where, and I'll go get one with ya."

With a deft movement, the bartender shoved the foaming glass along the bar to Buchanan.

"You a musician?"

"Yeah, I guess so."

"Waddya mean? Either y'are or y'ain't; ya just don't guess about things like that."

"Well, then, I am."

"Who you play for?"

"New Orleans Symphony."

"Hey, you're a *real* musician; I mean you don't play just for the hell of it."

Buchanan smiled and said he didn't; then he didn't say anything else. Even the talkative bartender could not penetrate his silence. At last, when he was convinced the conversation had died, the bartender turned back to the everlasting job of washing glasses.

"If you're looking for work, we don't have any openings," a voice said. It was a new voice, a female voice.

Damn, Buchanan thought, *I'll never get any place this way*. He turned quickly on the stool to tell the female voice, whoever she was, that he didn't want work.

"I said," the girl repeated, "if you're looking for work, we don't have—"

"I'm not," he said shortly.

The girl looked at him. "I should have known that," she said. "Musicians don't dress that way down here. The better the musician, the louder the dress. You're much too conservative to be a jazz man."

"He ain't, Lorraine; he's a symphony guy," the bartender said. "Ya know, the kind that plays music nobody can understand."

Buchanan looked at him. "Some people do," he said. He wanted the man to know that he didn't expect anybody in Storeyville to understand, and he said his words with sarcasm.

The girl felt the sarcasm, and anger flooded into her and oozed out into emotional words. "You don't have to be so high and mighty. You

belong down here just as much as any of us. You're no better than anybody else."

The words almost floored him. To belong down here? Hell, no. He didn't. He couldn't. Live in this pigsty of a place. Never. Still he couldn't get rid of the ugly thought; it kept jumping around in his head.

The girl calmed down when Buchanan didn't answer her wild outburst. But she was still angered, and she studied him. "Hey, the thought of living here with your own people bothers you, don't it?"

Buchanan got furious. "Like hell," he said loudly. "But how else can we gain any recognition if some of us don't meet them on their own grounds and prove we're every bit as good as they are? Tell me how can we?"

"Oh, no," she answered, "don't try to play the dedicated hero to me. You're out for you and the hell with everybody else. I know your type."

"God Almighty," he said irreverently. "I don't want to fight with you. Look, let me get you a drink or something. I apologize."

"Yeah," the bartender broke in, "let's not fight. Man, we got too few cash customers as it is."

Laughter came into the girl's eyes, replacing the anger that had burned there a moment before. "Boy, that's good. Here I am calling you down, and I don't even know your name," she said.

"Jim. Jim Buchanan, and yours is . . . ?"

"Lory. Lory Diamond," she said, then added, "that's not my real

name. But who ever heard of a singer named Smith?"

"Will you let me buy you that drink now?" Buchanan asked.

"Mr. Buchanan," Lory answered in mock formality, "I will be delighted to accept your offer."

Lory climbed onto the stool next to Jim's and waited, while he ordered the drinks.

The bartender, happy to see the fighting finished and the money about to roll in again, announced that the first round would be on the house — provided Buchanan would guarantee a second one.

An understanding reached, Buchanan turned to face Lory. He wanted to ask her about her singing job, but the words were not even formed on his lips when seven musicians suddenly came pouring into the bar, teasing and jostling one another. As soon as they spied the two at the bar, one—the tallest of them—detached himself from the rest, ran to the bar, and picked Lory off her seat.

"King! King Oliver! You put me down this minute, you hear me? Put me down."

If King heard, he wasn't paying any attention, for he continued to carry his laughing, screaming, protesting, kicking package towards the bandstand. Once there, he deposited her on the bandstand.

"We're gonna rehearse," he said, "and you're gonna sing, and don't give me no *if*, *and*, or *but*s about it either."

"King Oliver," Lorry said in an exasperated voice, "some day I'm gonna get mad and quit. Then

you'll be in a fine fix, won't you?"

"Lory, Baby," King replied, "you won't never quit music, 'cause it's in your blood, just like it's in mine."

"You old fraud," Lory said, laughter causing her voice to waver, "you don't have nothin' but money in your veins, and you know it."

"Hey, who's your new friend?" King asked.

"Jim Buchanan. He's a 'bone man," Lory said.

King cut back towards the bar, one huge hand extended before him. "Pleased to meet you. Lory says you play the 'bone. Who with?"

Oh, no, not this routine again, Buchanan thought. He was saved explanations by Lory, who called out, saying,

"Jim plays highbrow up at the Municipal Building. Come on, Jim, sit in and show this has-been trumpetman how music should sound."

King ignored Lory's last comment but seconded her invitation. "Yeah, come on. Sit in durin' rehearsal. It's good for kicks, and I supply the beer."

Jim started to decline. "I don't know anything about jazz, and . . ."

King broke in. "Nothin' to know. It's kind of a feelin' inside, and it just comes out. Come on, play. It can't do you no harm," he said.

Jim accepted and grabbed his trombone case. King introduced him to the boys, bought some beer, and started things rolling by breaking out in his raucous voice, "*Oh, Basin Street, it's the street . . .*"

The band picked it up, and Buchanan was off on a wild, new, exciting world of music. He sat as

if in a trance, listening to the strange harmonies—first to the whole band, and then to each man.

He marveled at the drummer as he constantly drove the band in a four-to-a-bar tempo, now on the snare, later on the tom-tom. The performer seemed freed by it. Each beat gave way to a thousand variations, always different yet always within the structure of the tempo.

Buchanan's attention swung next to the brasses and reeds. Each man was going off in a different direction, but none caused confusion or discord. They were a team, the like of which couldn't be put together in any other field of music. Here both the individual and the whole band expressed themselves freely but in order.

Jim felt the strange, new, intoxicating rhythm pounding through his blood. His feet began to tap.

"One, two, three, four," he counted again and again, each beat making the urge to join the players more and more driving. Finally, he raised his horn and began to play—timidly at first, and always staying in the background for fear of making mistakes.

"Come on, man, blow out," King hollered at him. "Next chorus is yours."

Buchanan ripped through the chorus with a freshness that comes only to a novice, but with the touch, authority, and finesse that belong only to a professional.

"Go! Go! Go! Go!" rocked through Buchanan's head while he played. On his left, came the shrill note of a clarinet speaking behind

his solo.

New Orleans, the Symphonic Orchestra, the bar—all faded from his consciousness. The only thing Buchanan could sense was the feeling of completeness that came from doing what he wanted to do and what he had to have. Louisiana was no longer the hateful land of segregation, but the free and happy home of a brand-new music.

The music ended, but the feeling remained.

The clarinet was speaking again, and Buchanan backed it up with all the technical skill, sense of timing, and instinctive feeling for the movement of the music that had characterized his own occupation on the featured spot a few moments before. Then all were playing, each man with his own variation contributing to the general harmony and naturally rocking toward the ending. King's hand came up—down—and the number was over.

"You sure you never played jazz-bone before?" King asked.

"Never," Jim answered. Then he added, "that was the first time, but it sure won't be the last."

"Man, if you ever quit that symphony business, you got a steady job right down here," King said.

"All right, you two," Lory called, "you've had your fun; now it's my turn. King, get the boys set for 'Lory's Blues.'"

Buchanan didn't play at first. He listened to get the feeling of the new number. It was basically the same as the last one—only the melody line differed. That is, it was the same until Lory began to swivel-hip

her way through a chorus.

"If de Blues was whiskey, I'd stay drunk all the time . . ."

Her voice changed constantly: first tough, then lilting, then sobbing with emotion, then back to tough again. Finally, she got red-hot and screamed it out.

She's so free, Jim thought. Free and easy. No wonder she's happy. Who wouldn't be?

Two hours and eight bottles of beer later, they had ripped through "Basin Street Blues," "Wabash Blues," "Dixieland Blues," "Just Plain Blues," and nobody counted how many choruses of "The Saints."

At last, however, Buchanan had to announce that it was time for him to leave if he hoped to make the concert by 7:30. He shook hands and promised to return the next day.

After he had left the bar, he was still feeling the heady music racing through his veins. Something about it made him feel free and relaxed.

He started up the street that he had come down just a few short hours before. It was alive now: all the bars were open, and music blared out into the night. From an alleyway, a girl called, "Don't hurry, mister. Stay a while. Lots of fun."

All the excitement drained from Buchanan. *Could this new music be spawned in a place like Storeyville? It can't be good, not if it comes from a place like this,* he thought. Then he pulled up the collar of his suit coat and almost ran up the street to the park, which he'd been thrown out of earlier.

The sight of the park brought a new thought to him. That cop was

no better than that girl back there, and nowhere near as good as King and Lory.

Then another, more sobering thought hit home. What if Williamson should find out that he'd been down in Storeyville. He'd warned all to stay away from that part of town if they wanted to keep their jobs.

Buchanan was intrigued by his new position. All his life he had studied to become a great concert trombonist, but in two short hours he had learned to like a new kind of music. More than that, he knew that he wanted to see Lory again. But if he quit his job with the symphony, what would he have to offer her?

Despite the turmoil in his mind, the concert went well enough. Buchanan's solo was perfect, and the audience was pleased enough to call him back for three bows.

After the concert, Buchanan hurriedly changed from his tux to street clothes and ducked out the back door. He knew that Tiny would be waiting for him in his room to pump him about the details of the afternoon in Storeyville, and in his current frame of mind he had no desire to see Tiny.

Damn it, he thought, I shouldn't have told him. What if he tells Williamson? No, he won't do that; just the same, I should have kept it to myself—at least, until I know what I'm going to do about it.

He stopped, lit a cigarette, and dragged deeply on it. Blocked from his room by the certainty of Tiny's presence there, he decided to delay

his return to the hotel. He started walking again, but this time away from the hotel.

It was a good concert tonight, he thought; even old Fancy Pants couldn't complain. He even smiled when I was finished. The last thought pleased him so much he mulled it over. Then he began to add to it. My job's secure for the next three months, and Williamson has been dropping hints about renewing my contract with a big pay boost. If he'd stop riding me so much, it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe I can throw a scare into him when my contract is up and get him to let me alone. Lory'd like me more if I was somebody important.

Thoughts of Lory brought thoughts of jazz. To Buchanan they were synonymous. Both of them were free and exciting. However, both of them were in Storeyville.

I like jazz and Lory, too, Buchanan decided, but I've studied trombone for years. The symphony is my life, and I just can't give it up. I was meant to be a part of it.

Lost in his reflections, Buchanan had walked farther than he realized. He was back in the Negro neighborhood. The streets were only slightly different from the one where he'd spent the afternoon; in fact, the only real differences, it seemed to him,

were the names over the bars.

The effect was overpowering. The filthiness of the place caused his stomach to turn.

"Good God!" he said aloud. "What in hell was I thinking of?"

He turned and started back up the street. *I'll never go back there again*, he thought.

A bar door swung open, one of the patrons staggered out, started to fall, and caught himself on the door. He leaned against it holding it open. From where Buchanan was standing, he could see directly into the bar. People were milling around or sitting at tables, all of them moving or clapping in time to the music, which filled the smoke-laden air, and all expressing a joyousness duplicated no other place. A trumpet screamed up high; a clarinet wailed into the night.

Buchanan stood transfixed. His pulse quickened. He felt like laughing and crying at the same time. He couldn't fight the tide of his emotions. The feeling of the early afternoon returned. He had to be a part of this music. He had to make it known. He was soaring as high as a bird.

Then he turned abruptly and started running in the direction of Storeyville.

The Sun Pitches Where

● John Knoepfle

The sun pitches where
The sea deals death
Without sorrow.
A compulsion of angels
Might rescue the boy
Naked lily of flesh
For the mother plumbs
The hopeless fathoms
In her rosaries.
But how it will cost
All the night given,
A requiem's acid
To her sleepless eyes.
Well, may she falter
Seven heavens after,
Seeing him veteraned
From the waters,
Beaded wills of the sea
Clinging the sun's set
On the sheathéd lily.

Home

● Hatton Burke

The wind with sweet and biting fury sweeps
Across the woods and snow-swept rolling fields;
And in its frozen, furrowed beauty sleeps
The barren land, encrusted with the shields
Of winter's offspring. With splendid grace
The high-stretched spectral arms of undressed oaks
Reveal their naked forms in weird black lace
Against the blood-burnt western sky. In cloaks
Of purple dance strange shadows forth to greet
The unknown one they see; but with a song
Of recognition hastily retreat
And settle back, subdued. Before this strong
Design of tree and sky I feel the smart
Of coldness that today has warmed my heart.

Lines for Rouault's Jeanne d'Arc

• Samuel J. Hazo

Your sky is stifling the sun like a smoke
as she in fire will be by her own French,
this girl in mail unhelmeted on horseback
riding armed and wearily in early evening,
her pennons slack above her tiring eyes,
her body in armor slender but soldierly
in the saddle of the stallion—marching
bold from battlefields to her battlefall
and fagots at a touch of torches—afame!

The pyre in Rouen is six centuries cold,
but Shaw, Peguy, Claudel, and you, Rouault,
have seen a phoenix-spirit from her ashes
rise real as Lazarus—Easter-magnificent!
Your Jeanne is not Shaw's clever cavalier,
nor innocent Jeannette nor Claudel's saint,
but Jeanne after victory sadly triumphant,
Jeanne in a vigil supplicant, Jeanne alone
on a stallion prancing on soldierless hills.



The Educated Man

● William M. Henhoeffter

IN a period of time when Americans seem to be subjecting our society to a most critical analysis, attention is focused most directly on the American educational system. Something is wrong with the *status quo*; mass-schooling has tended to foster the mass-ideal. Yet the contrary, education for aristocracy, is out of the question for a nation which categorizes itself as "democratic" or "republican."

Perhaps too much emphasis has been placed upon the system, and too little upon the desired end-product of the system. It might prove of more value to the educator to decide first what type of person he wishes to mold in the school or college. In brief, he must decide what is the ideal "educated man."

There are three common misconceptions of such a creature. The first is that the educated man is a technician or specialist, rigorously grounded in the fundamentals of a given discipline. Though usually that discipline is one in the area of the natural sciences, it can almost as easily be one of the liberal arts or business subjects. The symptom is the same—a man whose knowledge is narrowly concentrated, extremely "practical" within that concentration, and who is either oblivious of or skeptical toward any other branch of knowledge. Of such an individual we may say that he has received an education, but is hardly an educated man.

The second misconception involves the notion that education is something to be nibbled at, a many-splendored thing to be admired, sampled in small quantities, and enjoyed as a pleasant way to consume time. The product of such an education is an academic dilettante who has failed to develop his mind because he has failed to discipline it. He has selected courses at random and has studied nothing that did not catch his fancy. Being basically selfish and immature, he never becomes deeply concerned with anything except the gratification of his own pleasure. Unfortunately, he is apt to be the product of a liberal arts college that seeks only to interest its students rather than to train them.

The third misconception, which has enjoyed a revival in modern educational theory, is that the educated man is one exposed to a curriculum of the seven liberal arts (including logic, grammar, rhetoric, astronomy, music, and mathematics). The error in such a view is not that an education of this type would be too technical, nor that it fails to discipline the mind; it lies, rather, in the belief that by transferring an outward manifestation of the Middle Ages to the modern world, we might create that atmosphere of comparative security which that era possessed. Unfortunately, there are

too many contemporary problems which were not really present to the medieval man, and for which, consequently, his education does not prepare the modern man. The spiritual peace which the world so desires cannot be obtained by the mere institution of a curriculum, but only by the direction of that curriculum toward an end, proper both in terms of enduring principles and specific problems.

What then can we look for in a truly educated man? Certainly, his comprehension must be broad. No phase of formal education should be entirely neglected. It is a mistake for the scientist to ignore philosophy, history, and literature; it is equally fallacious for the student to deny that an appreciation of natural science and mathematics is necessary for his intellectual development. If possible, a man's vision should extend as widely as society itself, if for no other reason than the obtaining of a clearer picture of himself as a member of that society. This is the prime justification for extracurricular activity—that within the various organizations are contained examples of what the individual will meet in society when he has received his formal education.

Secondly, his mind must be disciplined. It is not of vital importance that the student's curriculum contain an absolutely regulated portion of this or that subject, that there be a standardized variety so to speak. What does matter is that he be made to grasp for what is offered him; that he be confused, strained, exerted, and convinced at the end of each that he is just beginning to know. Self-satisfaction is the mortal sin of the scholar; a keenly-developed, eager, and humble intellect is the most prized academic virtue.

Finally, the educated man is one whose wisdom is directed towards achieving a purpose. If education is not useful to the person himself and to those with whom he comes in contact, it is wasted. Primarily, the individual must be conscious of his ultimate end in life and, more specifically, of the means he must employ to attain that end. Religion and the moral law, therefore, cannot be for him mere bodies of knowledge, but must become the constant guide to his daily actions and the companion to his thoughts. They must be vitalized in him, so that his other knowledge re-inforces and at the same time derives deeper meaning from them. Secondly, the educated man must play an important role in society. This truth cannot be overstressed. What is wrong with Western society today is that too many intellectuals have refused to recognize this fact. They have withdrawn from their fellow men and have contented themselves with smug observations and destructive criticisms. The educated man is so by privilege and not by right; what he possesses intellectually is a grave responsibility towards others—to lead, to correct, and to love.

Don Luis and the Anthropologist

● William C. Sayres

GREGORIO tumbled into the hut and began to tug at the right ear of Don Luis. Don Luis woke up unhappily.

"I object to being tortured," he announced.

"Only those who are more than half alive feel pain. You wallow in your bed as other pigs wallow in their mud holes." Gregorio blew his nose onto the dirt floor. "I have always considered you peculiar, my friend."

Don Luis yawned modestly.

"But today," droned Gregorio, "I came upon one who far exceeds your oddness."

"But that is a severe insult, Gregorio. Who could exceed me?"

"It is a stranger. From the north. An *Americano*."

"I have heard that *los Yanquis* sometimes came to Colombia to visit or to make money, but I have never heard of one who would bother with a small pueblo like this. Why is he here?"

"I think he is crazy and they will not permit him to stay in the cities or to return to his own country."

"What language do the people of North America speak?"

"I do not know what it is called, but it has a strange roll to it and all the words are run together. This *Yanqui*, however, can manage a little Spanish: he proceeds with great pain from one sentence to the

next and twists his mouth like a dying fish."

"Or like a munching goat?"

"Perhaps. But his accent recalls the song of a hungry ass."

"Where is he at this moment?"

"He is moving from house to house. He grins and offers everyone cigarettes and asks questions."

"What are these questions?"

Gregorio spat against the wall. "His questions are insane. He asked me what I called my mother's brother's daughter. Of course I could not answer, since my mother had no brothers. Then he asked me what I called my father's sister's son. I thought immediately of Pedro. I told him what I called Pedro, but he failed to comprehend even the simplest of curse words."

"He asked other questions?"

"He seldom stopped. It is no wonder his people sent him away. He seems to know nothing at all of life. It is a tragedy."

Don Luis sleepily dressed. "His brain is clearly afflicted. Perhaps we should conduct him to Griselda."

Gregorio nodded. "There is no one else to help him," he agreed. "Griselda knows all cures."

"Except the cure for extreme ugliness," added Don Luis. "She is truly hideous."

"Scarcely human," put in Gregorio.

"But her remedies are effective,

good Gregorio, and her prices are most reasonable. In the next hour I will visit Griselda and tell her of the demented *Yanqui*. You, meanwhile, will arrange to bring the patient to her house. Do not offend him by referring to his condition. Tell him only that Griselda knows the answers to all questions."

"It should not be difficult, Don Luis. He has already asked about the remedies we use, and he has heard about Griselda the Curer."

Gregorio left the hut and Don Luis turned bravely to the wash basin. It had to be emptied anyway, he thought. He poured yesterday's suds over his head and dried himself with a dirty shirt. He tugged a near-toothless comb through his snarled black hair, pulled a small burr from his moustache, plunked his straw hat over his brow, and went to call on Griselda.

When Griselda opened the door, she sucked eagerly on her gums and leered happily. "Come in, my handsome hog."

Don Luis shivered. This crone had an appetite for fat men! He would sooner decay in lonely agony than encourage her. "You are looking unusually ghastly," he said politely.

Griselda giggled. "You joke so cleverly," she hissed. "How shrewdly you conceal your love for me!"

Don Luis sniffed. This Griselda could out-witch them all! Those long runny features of hers would make a barrel of water ferment. "Listen, crow," he said, "I do not come here to be sickened by your appearance and your mutterings.

Gregorio will be here soon with a patient for you." He explained about the visiting *Yanqui* whose brain was so deficient.

Griselda rubbed her hands. "While we wait, let us caress each other."

Fearfully Don Luis clutched at a chair. "Keep your distance, woman!" he shouted.

There was a rap on the door and Griselda went to it and opened it. Gregorio steered in the *Yanqui*.

"My good friends," Gregorio began, "I have the honor to present a friend from the north, whose name, unfortunately, I cannot pronounce."

The *Yanqui* grinned and produced cigarettes. Don Luis and Gregorio each took two and began to smoke one, while Griselda took four and lit none. "I only smoke in bed," she explained.

"He is a tall one," said Don Luis.

"He is very well formed," said Griselda.

"I urge you to note the redness that comes to his face from time to time," said Gregorio.

"Do you live here alone?" said the *Yanqui* to Griselda.

"He only speaks in questions," pointed out Gregorio.

Griselda cocked her head and fluttered her lashes. "You may come to me at any hour," she said to the *Yanqui*, "and find me alone. May I suggest that some hour tonight would be appropriate?"

"Do not listen to her ravings," said Don Luis with an amazed flicker of jealousy.

"Are these walls made of adobe or mud?" asked the *Yanqui*.

"They are made of the sun-dried bricks of clay," replied Griselda. "And no one can see through them when you and I are alone."

"What remedies do you use in your cures?" asked the *Yanqui*, with a growing nervousness.

"I use the herbs that thrive in secret places," said Griselda. "Would you like to try a love-potion or two?"

"Chitchat, chitchat," interrupted Gregorio. "One can easily pass a lifetime in chitchat. But let us proceed to show our guest a measure of hospitality." He crossed his eyes significantly at Griselda.

"Yes, yes," said Don Luis. "Why do you not step into the bedroom of Dona Griselda and lie down?"

"But why?" gasped the *Yanqui*.

"Hospitality," whispered Griselda.

"It is like this," Gregorio said, feeling that misunderstandings should be avoided. "In honor of your visit Doña Griselda has prepared a number of concoctions to refresh you after your journey. She wishes to serve them to you now."

"But why must I lie down?"

"The patient must be comfortable," murmured Don Luis.

"Patient? But I am no patient."

"Of course not," soothed Gregorio. "A regrettable twist of the fat one's tongue. But perhaps you are tired. We have all had our siestas and can understand your desire to relax."

"My desire?"

"You will not offend us. We will all lie down too, if you wish."

"But I do not wish. I would be very happy if you would permit me

to sit where I am." Panic squeezed his voice.

Gregorio shrugged. "Then be happy. Griselda may serve you where you sit."

Griselda went into the kitchen and came back with a cup of pasty green stuff, a spoon, and a clinical air. "Swish this around in your mouth before you swallow it," she commanded, offering the *Yanqui* a spoonful.

The *Yanqui* looked reluctantly at the spoon. "It moved!" he cried.

"What moved, Senor?" asked Don Luis.

"That green mess in the spoon. It moved!"

"It should move," explained Griselda proudly. "Only fresh grubs are used in this preparation. The grub is the active ingredient, you see."

"Yes, yes, I see," gasped the *Yanqui*. "May I speak to you gentlemen in privacy?"

"Of course, Senor," said Gregorio. "Griselda, perhaps you would go back into the kitchen and find a preparation whose ingredients are not quite so active." Griselda shuffled into the kitchen.

"What has happened is very clear," said the *Yanqui*. "She has confused me for one who is sick. You must dissuade her."

Gregorio nodded. Don Luis nodded too. "Alas, it is a sad case," said Gregorio slowly. "Very sad," added Don Luis. "You see," continued Gregorio, "she has worked too long among her remedies. She seems to have convinced herself that you need her help. And now you

must humor her."

"Humor her?"

"Yes," said Gregorio. "It would not do for a guest in her home to refuse her kindness."

"I have seen her become very violent when insulted," said Don Luis.

"This would insult her?"

"It would," said Gregorio. "You have told us that you wish to learn of our customs. One custom which you must respect at all times is the courteous acceptance of hospitality. Besides, as the fat one observes, Griselda is excitable, and to rebuff her may drive her into a state of frenzy."

Griselda returned with an armload of small bottles and a larger spoon. "You must not be difficult now," she warned.

The *Yanqui* looked at the two men. "Well," he said, "I will try to cooperate."

A spoonful of mottled viscera-like substance was poked under his nose. Don Luis and Gregorio smiled encouragingly. "What is it?" asked the *Yanqui*.

"You must not ask personal questions," chided Don Luis.

"It is a secret of my profession," said Griselda, jabbing his teeth with the spoon.

The mixture was downed with a choke and a groan.

"I have seldom seen such a look of agony," commented Don Luis.

"Water, please!" implored the *Yanqui*.

A glassful of oilish mud was offered and immediately gulped down. A startled whine followed.

"His expression does not seem to improve any," said Gregorio.

"The treatment is just beginning," said Griselda, deftly moving among her bottles. "Here, here, this remedy comes next." The lips of the patient were fiercely closed. "Hurry!" urged Griselda. "You must take it at once, or we must start all over again." Somehow the lips were reopened and the medicine accepted.

"His face seems to be falling apart," said Don Luis.

"It is easy to see that he is a sick man," whispered Gregorio.

Batch after batch of bottled potions entered the retreating mouth.

"I think I shall have a very late and simple supper tonight," said Don Luis.

"Wait, wait!" pleaded the patient. Griselda paused, spoon quivering. "You wish something more to drink?" she asked.

"No, no, no!"

"I sense a change for the better," said Gregorio. "He no longer asks questions. He only repeats himself."

"A moment ago you wished me to lie down. I will do so now, if I may."

"My bottles and I will keep you company," said Griselda.

"My friend and I will assist you to the bed," said Don Luis.

"Please, please do not trouble yourselves. I need only a few minutes of rest, preferably alone." The patient worked himself out of the chair and bolted into the bedroom.

"Your remedies have given him considerable energy," said Don Luis.

"My herbs are very powerful,"

said Griselda with pride.

"Is the treatment finished?" asked Gregorio.

"Not yet," said Griselda. "Sickness of the mind is difficult to cure. It may take months to heal his brain. On the other hand, a recovery may come quickly. I have never practiced on a foreigner before, and cannot be certain of his response to my medicine."

"Is it wise to leave him alone for long?" wondered Don Luis.

"Perhaps not. I will go to examine him now," said Griselda. She smoothed her hair with the spoon.

"You will not examine him unwatched," said Don Luis suspiciously, leading the way into the bedroom.

The bed was empty, the room was empty, and the window was open.

"His energy would not permit him to stop," said Don Luis.

"I have the feeling he has found the main road and is still racing along it," said Gregorio. "Your remedies are truly potent, Griselda."

"He was such a promising patient," said Griselda, disappointed. "I should like to work on him some more."

"Bah!" scowled Don Luis.

"I wonder if his days of questioning are at an end," said Gregorio. "He wanted to know so many things.

Perhaps his parents told him nothing about the world."

"I could have examined him every day," said Griselda.

"Bah!" grumbled Don Luis.

"He was most confused about everything," said Gregorio. "But I suppose he was harmless."

"I could have given him special herbal baths," said Griselda.

"Bah!" growled Don Luis.

"It is too bad that we will not see him again," said Gregorio. "But I am afraid that he would have taken a great deal of getting used to."

"A message or two might have helped," said Griselda.

"Listen, ugliness," said Don Luis. "Your dreams hold nothing but failure. You might keep a man whose mind was sick if you failed to cure him. But once you cured him you would surely fail to keep him. No man with a healthy brain could stand you."

Griselda blinked and thought no more of the stranger. She wet her crumpled lips and closed in on Don Luis. "You flatter me so," she breathed. "And now you have me powerless in my room. I am too weak to escape, and too proud to ask for mercy. Do what you must do."

"I will," said Don Luis. And he tumbled out through the window.

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